

*The History of*

*Hot.* Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe;  
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.  
*La.* Go, ye giddy goole.

*The musicke playes.*

*Hot.* Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands Welch  
And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous,  
Birlady he is a good musition.

*La.* I then would you be nothing but musically,  
For you are altogether governed by humors:  
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather heare Lady, my brache howle in Irish.

*La.* Would'st haue thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*La.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither 'tis a womans fault.

*La.* Now God helpe thee.

*Hot.* To the Welsh Ladies bed.

*La.* VVhat's that?

*Hot.* Peace, she sings.

*Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.*

*Hot.* Come, Ile haue your song too.

*La.* Not mine in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours in good sooth? Hart you sweare like a com-  
fitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, &  
as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:  
And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy oathes,  
As if thou neuer walkst further then Fin'sburie:  
Sweare me Kate, like a Lady as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in sooth,  
And such protest of pepper ginger bread,  
To velvet gards, and Sunday Citizens.  
Come, sing.

*La.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be redbress teacher;  
and the indentures be drawn, Ile away within these 2. houres,  
and so come in when ye will.

*Glen.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,  
As *Hot.* Lord Percy is on fire to go.

*By*

*Henry the fo*

By this our booke is drawne, w  
And then to horse immediately  
*Mor.* With all my heart.

*Enter the King, Prince*

*King.* Lords giue vs leaue, the  
Must haue some priuate confere  
For we shall presently haue nee  
I know not whether God will h  
For some displeasing seruice I  
That in his secret doome, out of  
Hee'le breede reuengement and  
But thou dost in the passages of  
Make me beleue, that thou art  
For the hote vengeance, and th  
To punish my mistreadings. T  
Could such inordinate and low  
Such poore, such bare, such lew  
Such barren pleasures, rude soc  
As thou art matcht withall, and  
Accompany the greatnes of th  
And hold their leuell with thy

*Prin.* So please your Maie  
Quit all offences with as cleare  
As well as I am doubtlesse I can  
My selfe of many I am charg'd  
Yet such extenuation let me be  
As in reproofe of many tales d  
Which oft the care of greatnes  
By smiling pick-thanks, and b  
Imay for somethings true, wh  
Hath faulty wandred, and irre  
Finde pardon on my true subm

*King.* God pardon thee, yet  
At thy affections, which do ho  
Quite from the sight of all th  
Thy place in counsell thou ha  
VVhich by thy younger brothe  
And art almost an alien to the